

Actions Speak

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Actions Speak

by [SilverWing15](#)

Summary

(louder than words)

Tommy could leave.

But he's here.

He came back here. Siren--Wilbur, gave him the chance to leave. But Tommy didn't take it.

Like an idiot, he came back.

He came back, he had the chance to leave and he stayed. They could quit the act now.

They haven't.

They keep being kind.

Some Fluff oneshots set after One Man's Trash (read that one first)

Notes

As promised: Fluff, three days of Soft Content before we get on to the sequel.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He watches the fish swim around their tank. Its a nice tank, he thinks, he's never really seen one. Not like anybody was taking him to the aquarium or the dentist or wherever usually has fish tanks.

The fish are pretty, some of them are bright, some have trailing fins. There are some shrimp crawling around the bottom.

He wonders if they like it there. It seems nice. Pretty rocks, dark places to hide, free food. He wonders if they realize how dangerous it is to be there. They're utterly at the mercy of the Angel of Death himself, but they don't seem to mind.

Then again, they're fish. They're mostly worried about who's getting too close to Their Rock or whatever.

The Angel takes good care of them.

Tommy's seen him. He cleans the glass and changes out the water and once, a week ago, he'd thought that one of the fish looked a little funny and he'd put medicine in the water. "Just to be safe," he'd said when he caught Tommy watching.

He dotes on the fish, and Tommy's not a guy who's used that word...ever.

They're pretty cool, he'll admit, its relaxing to watch them go about their fishy lives. They aren't worried about anything. They don't mind the Angel of Death watching over them. They aren't afraid of him. They don't care about living in the same apartment as the Blade and Siren.

They can't leave.

Tommy could.

But he's here.

He *came back* here. Siren--Wilbur, gave him the chance to leave. But Tommy didn't take it.

Like an idiot, he came back.

He tied the noose around his own fucking neck. Worse than a noose, a collar.

He came back, like a fucking dog that shows its belly when its master beats it.

Only they don't beat him. They have him now. He came back, he had the chance to leave and he stayed. They could quit the act now.

They haven't.

They keep being kind.

He doesn't know why.

He doesn't understand them.

The door opens and the Angel carries a box into the apartment, held carefully level in his hands. "Hey mate," he says, "she's finally here." he holds the box up just a little in example, then sets it on the counter.

Tommy hesitantly joins him there. He's opening the box, cutting the tape, and Tommy should be terrified to be so close to someone so dangerous wielding a knife.

He isn't. Like the idiot he is.

The box has essentially a smaller box made of styrofoam in it, and when Phil takes off that lid, Tommy can see the new fish. Its beautiful, orange-y red on the body and dark blue on the fins.

Tommy leans closer, cautiously, but closer all the same.

The Angel glances at him and he freezes, but he only gets a warm smile. "Pretty huh? I've been waiting for her for awhile. She's a flame angel." he snickers, "couldn't resist the name, and I needed someone to graze a bit on my coral."

"Grazed?"

The Angel hums, "keeps down the growth a bit. Its good for it. Hold her for a sec? I've got to get the lid off the quarantine tank."

And suddenly Tommy is holding the Angel of Death's fish. The fish he's been waiting for. The fish that he dotes on.

He stares down at his hands, tightly holding the plastic bag. Its full of air, oh god what if he pops it? He loosens his grip, but what if he drops it?

His heart skips a beat. The fish putters around the bottom of the bag. Gently, *carefully*, Tommy rests it on the counter. So he doesn't drop it, and can't shake it too much. He's pretty sure that's a bad thing too. There was some movie where that happened. He only got to see a little bit of it.

He glances at the Angel. He's fiddling with the lid of a small tank on the counter, its pretty empty, not like the big one with all the coral and plants.

"Why--" he bites his lip, too late.

"Hm?" the Angel asks.

“Why are you putting her in there?”

“This is a quarantine tank, just to make sure she’s not sick or anything. If she is it’ll keep her from spreading it to the others and make treating her easier.”

“Oh.”

The Angel reaches for him and Tommy freezes instinctively, but he only takes the bag gently from his hands and sets it on top of the water. Guiding it down when it tips. “I’m doing this so that she can adjust to the water temperature in here, if you change the temperature on them too fast its bad for them.”

“Will it kill them?”

“It can, if its extreme enough. Fish are pretty delicate, you’ve got to take good care of them.”

Which makes it even more odd that the Angel of Death does such a good job of it.

Or at least it should.

Somehow it fits him, despite how dangerous he is. Despite the deadly power he holds in his hands. Despite how willing he is to unleash it on his enemies.

He is gentle to those under his care.

And under his protection.

Tommy dares to take a step closer, to see the fish better. A dangerous, gentle, hand rests on his shoulder. Light as a butterfly landing on him. He doesn’t flinch, doesn’t move away. It settles more firmly.

“You want to name her?”

“Huh?”

“I name ‘em, you want to name her?”

“...Clementine.”

The Angel smiles down at him, “that’s a good name.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was super fun to write but kicked off a miniature Fish Tank Hyperfixation that lasted for like, a week and a half and now I know so much about fucking aquascaping and I had to restrain myself multiple times from going out and looking at Actual Fish. I do not need fish. Save me.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

He looks up at the building. The lights are off on the top floor. He's never seen any other lights on in it. He's never seen anyone else in the halls, or heard them through the walls. He wonders if they went to bed. Wilbur always said he could leave whenever he wanted. Maybe they went to bed, content to let him figure himself out. He's not sure if he prefers that to them looking for him or not. On the one hand, the thought of them looking for him warms his heart, makes that little ember of hope and stupidity flare ever brighter. On the other, the thought of the three most dangerous supervillains in the city hunting him down makes his blood run cold. He wishes he could be an idiot in one direction at least, instead of his heart being used as a rope for tug of war between two equally stupid views.

Chapter Notes

Moar soft! This one is a bit further along in the timeline than Phil's fluff, probably a month or so since the end of Trash. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was stupid. Tommy *knows* it was stupid. It was just a little snap, just a moment of impatience. He shouldn't have run. He shouldn't have stayed gone for so long.

But now its dark out, now its been hours since Wilbur snapped at him and he's cold and tired and too much of a fucking coward to just text Wilbur and let him know he's alright. He pulls out his phone, it stopped buzzing a few hours ago. Either Wilbur got the memo that Tommy wasn't going to respond or...

No, he wouldn't have given up. He would never give up.

Tommy pushes the center button. The screen stays blank.

Oh.

Apparently it ran out of battery.

Shit.

He winces and tucks it nervously back in his pocket, smoothing the hem of Wilbur's sweater over it. He made Wilbur angry, and he ran, and he's been gone for hours, and they've been texting and calling him and he didn't respond. Gods they're gonna be pissed.

He shudders, hunching in on himself.

They're not Schlatt. If it were Schlatt he would be better off trying to get out of the fucking city at this point.

If they were Schlatt it wouldn't have *gotten* to this point. Schlatt would have beaten him silly for even getting on his nerves. There would have been no chance to run. He'd have been locked in his room the minute the punishment was over. There would be no worried texts or phone calls to ignore.

But he's an idiot who's too wrapped up in his own past and so he bolted. He'd barely thought to grab his shoes, just run for the door and kept running.

He's surprised that the Shadows didn't follow him. Or if they did, that they didn't just *tell* Techno where he was. They should have spotted him by now, surely the others are on their way.

He looks up at the building. The lights are off on the top floor. He's never seen any other lights on in it. He's never seen anyone else in the halls, or heard them through the walls.

He wonders if they went to bed. Wilbur always said he could leave whenever he wanted. Maybe they went to bed, content to let him figure himself out.

He's not sure if he prefers that to them looking for him or not.

On the one hand, the thought of them looking for him warms his heart, makes that little ember of hope and stupidity flare ever brighter.

On the other, the thought of the three most dangerous supervillains in the city hunting him down makes his blood run cold.

He wishes he could be an idiot in one direction at least, instead of his heart being used as a rope for tug of war between two equally stupid views. He shuffles his feet. He's cold, he's tired, he's scared, he wants them to find him. He doesn't want them to find him.

He wants Wilbur to hug him and Phil to run his hands through his hair and Techno to rest a hand on his back. He ran, though. He just bolted out of the apartment and ignored them for hours. He doesn't deserve that kindness.

He disobeyed. He was disloyal.

Actions have consequences.

God has he learned about the consequences. Schlatt had been an eager teacher.

He shudders again and shuffles a bit back.

Is it better to go in now, lessen the anger, the punishment?

He can't outrun them. He won't escape them. They're the most dangerous villains in the city.

They're terrifying.

They're gentle, to him, kind, to him. More than anyone else has ever been.

Tommy walks across the street. The door is unlocked. The elevator opens for him, bright and welcoming. He rides it up silently. The warmth of the building surrounds him, making him more aware of how cold he was. He shivers again, rubbing his arms to try and warm up a bit faster.

The elevator dings and the doors open. The door of the apartment is before him. He rests his hand on the handle.

Will it be locked? Have they gotten fed up with him and his skittishness and snappishness and uselessness? Maybe they just went to bed. They'd be well within their rights.

Or will it be unlocked. Will they be lying in wait in the dark. Ready to punish him?

He swallows and turns the knob.

It opens and swings forward on silent hinges. He holds his breath, waiting for the anger. The silent judgement or the loud condemnation. His eyes squeeze shut.

There is no sound.

He opens his eyes.

The apartment is still and silent. The only light is Phil's fishtank, the only sound the hum of the filter. Tommy swallows and steps in. Surely this is when the trap will spring?

He shuts the door.

Now?

There is still no movement, no sound.

There's no one here.

They're out looking for him.

He cringes. They'll be furious when they get back. He should--he should charge his phone. Let them know he's back as soon as possible. He stumbles into the apartment, not bothering to flick on the lights.

He connects his phone to the charger in the living room. The screen doesn't even flick on.

Great. Its all the way out of battery. Maybe even ruined. A car drove past him and splashed him all up his right side, maybe it got the phone wet.

If he broke the phone on top of everything else--

He sits on the couch and covers his mouth. Tries to blink back the tears that want to fall.

He fails.

He muffles a sob and doesn't bother trying to scrub the tears away. More will just replace them.

There is a soft whisper to his right.

He gasps and whirls to face one of Techno's shadows. Its burning eyes are fixed on him, in the dark its shape is even more indistinct than usual. It has Henry hanging from its mouth.

Tommy freezes. In the dark, the shadows are more corporeal. It could tear Henry apart. That would be a good opening for the punishment he deserves.

"I'm sorry," he says, "please don't--"

The shadow sets Henry down and its eyes come closer. Its nose brushes his cheek, it whispers again. He imagines Techno is watching him from its eyes. "I didn't mean--" Didn't mean to run? But he *did*, excuses don't matter. "I'm sorry," he says again. "I won't--I won't do it again."

The shadow nudges him, grabs the sleeve of Wilbur's sweater and tugs. He lets it move his arm. Will it bite him? He can't help but tense. It doesn't bite though, it only tugs him along until he has no choice but to stand.

When he does, it releases him and picks up Henry again. Tommy can't help half reaching for him, before he makes himself stop. He looks to the floor. He doesn't want to watch.

Its stupid. Henry is a *toy* for a little kid. He shouldn't be so attached to a fucking stuffed cow.

The shadow appears in his vision, Henry still dangling from its mouth as it twists around him. Winding around his back before reappearing on his other side. It darts down the hall a few steps, then stops.

Tommy takes a hesitant step forward and it dances almost gleefully before taking off further down the hall.

"Wait, what are you--?" Tommy follows it down the hall until it stops in front of Phil and Techno's door. Its shut, but the shadow somehow twists its paw to get it open.

Tommy hesitates. If Techno and Phil are here he doesn't want to burst in their room. He *definitely* doesn't want to wake them up.

The shadow reappears, tossing its head to make Henry bounce in its jaws. It turns and springs back into the room.

“Fuck,” Tommy whispers, and like the idiot he is, he pokes his head in. the bed is empty. Tension drains from his shoulders. The shadow leaps onto the bed and drops Henry in front of the pillows. It curls up on Phil’s side of the bed, its ember-eyes gleaming in the dark. Tommy thinks its pleased with itself.

Hesitantly, he steps across the threshold. It feels wrong, invasive, to be here without an invitation from Phil or Techno. He glances to the shadow. Perhaps not without an invitation.

He isn’t sure the Shadow has told Techno that he’s here though. Sometimes they hide things from him. Apparently they didn’t tell Techno where he was when he was out in the city.

“Is Techno...there?” he asks it, “is he...?”

The shadow cocks its head at him, watching for a still moment, and then it shakes its head. He’s never seen them respond so..plainly to a question. Usually they just laugh and disappear. He’s only seen them answer Phil and occasionally Wilbur.

“Oh.”

He shuffles a few steps further in regardless.

Another shadow appears behind him and tugs at his sleeve, then nips at his shoelaces. Hesitantly, Tommy kicks them off. The shadow whispers approval and tugs at his sleeve again. He takes that off too. The shadow nudges him towards the bed.

He sits at the edge, waiting for their next direction. “I should text--” the shadow on the bed hooks its chin over his shoulder and with surprising strength, pulls him down. He flops onto the pillow. It smells like Techno’s shampoo.

A blanket is pulled up over his shoulders.

“But--”

The shadow lays beside him, gently pinning him beneath weight that is somehow there and not there at the same time. It whispers something soft to him, watching him with its burning eyes.

He should go to his own bed. He should go get his phone and tell the others that he’s back. But he’s tired, and he’s scared of what they’ll do and he just wants this kindness. His eyes burn again and he doesn’t bother trying to hold back the tears.

He doesn’t know what they’ll do to him when they get back, but for now he has the kindness of the shadows. He is too exhausted not to fall asleep.

“Where is he? They said he was here but--”

“His phone is on the table, maybe he went to bed.”

“He’s not in his room, that’s the first place I *looked*. ”

“Don’t snap at me mate, I’m trying to go through this logically.”

“Guys.”

“What?”

“I found him.”

Footsteps, two sets. A floorboard creaks.

“Oh, ohhhhh, look at him.” A single set of footsteps, coming closer. He scrunches his eyes shut. He doesn’t want to get up. “Shhh, its okay, you can keep sleeping,” the voice says, “oh, look at you.”

A warm hand brushes his cheek, rubs something away from his eye. “He was crying,” the voice says, sounding like he’s going to start crying. A weight settles on the bed.

“Will, you might want--”

Arms curl around him, dragging him close. He rests against someone’s chest, their jaw rests on his hair.

He whines and snuggles closer.

“Sh, sh, sh,” the voice croons, “its okay, you’re okay Toms.” Arms wrap around him, pull him tight against a familiar lanky body.

“Wilby?” he asks blearily.

“Yeah sunshine its me,” Wilbur croons, “hi. Are you okay? You’re not hurt right?”

He shakes his head, burying his face into Wilbur’s collarbone. His eyes burn again and he curls up, small as he can manage like a snail trying to tuck into its shell. “M sorry,” he says, his voice thick and nearly unintelligible.

“Oh, no, no, you have nothing to be sorry about. *I’m* sorry,” Wilbur says, “you’re fine. We’re not mad, we’d never be mad at you.”

“But--But I--” Tommy blubbers uselessly, like a kid who scraped their knee at the playground. He tries to pull away, enough to look into Wilbur’s face, but Wilbur doesn’t let him get an inch. His arms are like a vice around Tommy’s shoulders. Gentle, always gentle, but he can’t escape either.

“No,” he says, more firmly, “you did nothing wrong, you did what you thought you needed to to keep safe. That’s okay. You can do that. You can run, I told you you could.”

“I didn’t mean to,” Tommy says, even though that makes no fucking sense. You can’t *accidentally* run, you don’t *accidentally* stay out until the middle of the night, you don’t

ignore calls and texts on accident either.

“I know,” Wilbur croons anyway, “I know Toms. Its okay, you’re okay. You’re home now. You’re safe. You’re always safe with us.” He rocks them back and forth gently. One hand creeps up to cup the back of Tommy’s head, holding him even closer. “None of us will hurt you, we won’t let *anyone* hurt you. You’re ours, our little baby.”

“He’s sixteen, mate.”

“He’s a baby.”

“You’re gonna suffocate your baby in a minute.”

Wilbur’s arms loosen a fraction of an inch with a dissatisfied hum.

“I--”

“Hush Toms,” Wilbur croons, he tucks his nose into Tommy’s hair. “Just let me hold you for a minute.”

“You gonna let us have a turn?”

“No, mine.”

“It was my shadows that found him.”

“Yeah, hours ago, apparently. Tell them thanks for letting us know,” Wilbur snarks, his voice is tight though. Angry.

“I’m sorry,” Tommy whispers. “I meant to--”

“No, no, no, its okay. Your phone was out of battery, huh? We need to get you one with a longer life don’t we?”

Tommy hums uncertainly. He doesn’t want them to spend more money on him, doesn’t want to be too much of a bother.

Another weight settles on the bed and another hand rubs up and down his back where Wilbur’s arms aren’t covering it. “We really aren’t mad, mate,” Phil murmurs. “We understand, we were worried about you, but you’re home safe now.”

“I’m sorry,” Tommy can’t stop from whispering.

“You don’t need to be,” Techno murmurs, “but we forgive you anyway.”

The Shadows my beloveds. They are extensions of Techno's will to a certain degree, but they listen to his emotions far more than they do any direct order that he might give them. And they are fully capable of just, choosing not to tell him about things. Like Wilbur being sick when he was young, or about Tommy coming back home. They figured he wanted a little more space before he got mother henned by everyone.

Also yes there is something to be said about "you can leave whenever you want" but when Tommy does leave they all go out looking for him but like. Clearly this was not an instance of "I no longer like or trust you and I am leaving" this was Tommy bolting into the night in a panic with nothing. And yes one of them should have stayed behind to wait for him but they're morons. They're all morons.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Where the fuck are the heroes? Are they around just to look fucking pretty? Tommy is no expert but he's fairly certain this counts as a "hero problem" and not something under the "teenager with rubble" umbrella of responsibility.

Chapter Notes

Last day of fluff you guys. And this one isn't even super fluffy, its just soft, in a "someone got murdered bloody on Tommy's behalf" kind of way

warning for that
its not shown and its not graphic but. Don't touch their boy.

One of these days he's just going to quit fucking coming here. Of the two times he's come to this mall, two out of two of them have ended with him caught in the middle of a fucking supervillain attack.

"And what about you, little thing?"

Tommy lashes out with a bit of rebar that still has a chunk of concrete on the end of it. Of all the fucking days for some weird ass snake lady to go on a cannibalistic (?) rampage, why did it have to be the *one* day that he went shopping with Wilbur?

He clips the snake lady in the jaw, sending her....slithering unsteadily? Backwards.

He's not really sure what the fucking terminology should be with this lady to be honest. He's never encountered a snake lady. Does eating humans even make her a cannibal? She's got to be part human right?

He's not really going to stop and ask, since she is currently trying to eat *him*.

In the chaos he and Wilbur somehow ended up separated, and now he has no idea where he went. Why is this his life?

"I'm really bony," he shouts at her, "barely any meat on me, don't you want to go for someone else?"

Where the *fuck* are the heroes? Are they around just to look fucking pretty? Tommy is no expert but he's fairly certain this counts as a "hero problem" and not something under the "teenager with rubble" umbrella of responsibility.

"Don't want to eat anything too fattening my dear," the snake lady coos.

"There's nothing wrong with a little weight," Tommy yelps, dodging a lunge. "You know a lot of those diet ads are really just making shit up so they can get your--" he breaks off with a shriek as her tail whips around and nearly takes out his legs.

He leaps over it, but stumbles on the landing. Shit. His weapon is gone. His fucking weapon is gone, there is a homicidal--possibly cannibalistic--snake lady advancing on him at *illegal* speeds and Wilbur is nowhere to be found.

There are also *no fucking heroes*.

Isn't this shit their fucking *job*?

The snake lady draws herself up, fangs dripping because *of course* she's some sort of venomous type.

There is a terrifying snarl beside him, and a pair of burning eyes beneath the rubble. Tommy freezes, hope and fear warring in his heart.

One of Techno's shadows steps into the light.

Snake Lady pauses, actually fucking *hesitates*.

Another shadow steps out of the rubble. And another. Burning eyes appear in every shadow in a ten foot radius. Holy shit.

A blade sings out of its sheathe and there he is. Techno, standing on the ramp made where the Snake Lady broke in through the roof.

"This is your only warning," Techno rumbles, the shadows laugh. Eager and bloodthirsty. "Let the kid walk away."

Snake Lady shuts her mouth, swallowing down the venom. "The Blade," she says, "my, I certainly didn't expect to find myself in such *lofty* company."

Techno's eyes flash, burning red as his shadows'.

Tommy hesitantly climbs to his feet, the shadows nearest him nudge him to the left. Wilbur is waiting there, glaring at Snake Lady and smiling reassuringly at Tommy in turn.

He looks like he wants to order her to carve out her heart and give it to him. A reflexive shudder runs down Tommy's spine, but he still runs to Wilbur.

Snake Lady hisses at his back, but the shadows close ranks behind him, laughing and whispering in a way that cannot be interpreted as anything less than deadly. Wilbur sprints

forward and snags Tommy, pulling him into his arms and running his hands over his face.

“Are you okay? Did she hurt you? Did you get cut anywhere? Bruises? Can you breathe alright? There’s a lot of dust on the air.”

“I’m fine,” Tommy says, but he doesn’t try to wrestle out from under Wilbur’s hands.

For one he’s pretty sure that Wilbur wouldn’t even begin to allow that and for another its...nice. To be fussed over. Worried about. To have gentle hands trace the curve of his cheek and pull him closer so a soft kiss can be laid on his brow.

There is a choked scream behind them. Tommy flinches and instinctively tries to turn, but Wilbur holds him still. “Ah, ah, small children should not be exposed to violence.”

Wilbur hoists Tommy into his arms, covering one ear with his hand and pressing the other into his chest. It doesn’t fully muffle the next agonized scream. Wilbur hums something cheerful as he takes them out of the building and out onto the street.

Tommy lets himself be carried. He feels strange. Distant and floaty, like he’s healed someone. But there is no warmth. He feels cold, actually.

He should stop letting Wilbur carry him.

“Wilbur,” Tommy says, “I can walk.”

“You can,” Wilbur acknowledges. He still doesn’t let Tommy down.

“Please?”

Wilbur hums thoughtfully, burying his face into Tommy’s hair.

“He has legs, Will, let the kid walk,” Techno says, appearing behind them.

“That was quick,” Wilbur says, sounding mildly disapproving.

“She learned her lesson, and others can learn from her example, I don’t *need* to draw it out. A message needs to be concise and easy to understand.”

Wilbur lowers Tommy’s feet to the ground, finally. He stumbles a few steps, trying to get out of arm’s reach, he somehow balances wrong and starts to fall backwards. Wilbur makes a distressed noise, but larger hands catch him. Larger hands covered in something warm and wet.

He looks up and finds Techno looking down at him. “You good?”

Techno’s mask has a liberal splatter of blood over it, its thick on his shirt from what Tommy can see at his angle.

“Yeah,” he says softly.

Techno hums and gently helps him back to his feet. He only removes his hands once Tommy is stable.

“You are *covered* in blood,” Wilbur grouches.

“Mhm,” Techno agrees. He reaches up with one bloodstained hand and brushes a hair out of Tommy’s face as gently as a butterfly landing on his skin. He traces his thumb down Tommy’s jaw.

Tommy can feel the blood on his face, cooling and drying. He should probably be...protesting, complaining. He blinks dumbly.

“You are *staining* him,” Wilbur says. Techno swipes his other hand over Tommy’s other cheek with a grin. “Techno!”

“Yes?”

“That is *unsanitary*. ”

Wilbur grabs Tommy and bundles him away from Techno like a mother duck whisking her ducklings away from danger. “Ugh,” he says, looking at Tommy’s newly stained face. “You and your blood obsession,” Wilbur mutters over his shoulder at Techno.

“The shadows like it,” Techno says, “makes him look dangerous. Less likely to get jumped by some weird snake lady that way.”

“This is *exactly* how diseases happen,” Wilbur mutters, lifting up his shirt to wipe at Tommy’s face.

Tommy leans into the touch.

Techno pulls him back to his chest with gentle, bloody hands. “You got your turn,” he rumbles, “mine now.” He doesn’t pick Tommy up but he throws an arm around his shoulders and tugs him close.

“Come on, let’s get you home.”

“And into a bath,” Wilbur grumbles.

Techno squeezes Tommy closer, looking down at him with a warm glint in his eyes under the skull mask. “You okay? That must have been pretty terrifying.”

“I’m fine,” Tommy says, but he snuggles closer to Techno all the same. Maybe he should be scared--

Oh who is he kidding, he should be fucking terrified. This is the Blade, fresh off the battlefield and covered in blood. Anyone in their right fucking mind would take one look at him and book it in the opposite direction.

Tommy isn't in his right mind though, he's pretty sure. Because he can only see Techno. Defending him, anointing him with the blood of his enemies like some ancient, savage king.

The blood thing he could do without, but its nice. To know that anyone who tries to fuck with him will be faced with the worst nightmare of most of the city.

He is walking between Siren and the Blade, two of the most deadly men in the city, but he is safer here than anywhere else in the world. The only way he could be any more safe is if Phil came too.

"Where is Phil?" He asks aloud.

"He wanted to be ready on first aid if you needed it, and he's probably cooking up something or other for you." Techno replies, "he was worried but I told him to stay. I wanted to handle this one. He hogs the fight."

"Oh *he* hogs it," Wilbur laughs. "Alright, sure."

Techno laughs softly, and Tommy can't help echoing him. Techno gently pulls him to a halt as they reach the elevator--when did they even get to the building? "Why don't you go up ahead of us Will," he says in a way that makes it not a suggestion.

Wilbur scowls, but he obeys, and Tommy is alone with Techno. Techno's bloody hand gently tilts his chin up. "Its alright to not be alright you know," Techno murmurs. "It was scary, you can be scared. Its not a burden, you don't have to be okay."

Tommy chokes back the tears that spring to his eyes. The panic that was held back by a thread rushes forward and he buries his face into Techno's side.

He can't stop crying and he can't get his breath to come in any sort of reasonable pace. He tries to hold it, but ends up hiccuping and his breath bursts out of his chest with a sob.

"Oh kid," Techno murmurs, rubbing his hand up and down Tommy's back. "Its okay, you're safe. I won't let anyone touch you, right?"

He nods into Techno's shirt.

"As long as my shadows can find you, I won't be far behind, and I'll handle whatever idiot thinks they could lay a hand on you and get to keep that hand."

Tommy nods again.

"Come on, lets get upstairs and let Phil fuss over you."

End Notes

If you're inspired to create anything based on my fics, art, writing, interperative dance you have full permission to do it. Inspiring other people to do stuff is my favorite thing.

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